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Mozart compositions were sung, as promised in programme, and declared their positive belief that Flotow and Kreutzer were inferior to him—declining to accept them as substitutes. Miss McDonald was not so fortunate as on the previous evening in voice or execution, having to drive her voice too much for graceful free execution.

## NATIONAL SONG FOR AMERICA.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

First let our praises rise  
Up to the vaulted skies,  
Praises and thanks to Him, high throned above;  
Praises for mercies here  
Meeting us everywhere  
Thanks for those blessings which spring from his  
love,

*Chorus.*—

First let our praises rise  
Up to the vaulted skies,  
Praises and thanks to Him, high throned above!

When in that darkest hour,  
Struggling with hostile power—  
Struggling, our Forefathers called upon Thee;  
Nerved was their strong right hand  
Scourged the foes from the land  
Thy rod smote tyrants down—we rose up FREE!

*Chorus.*—

Then let our praises rise  
Up to the vaulted skies,  
In our dear native land, all men are Free!

Freemen by right of birth  
Free every foot of earth  
Earned by our Fathers' blood in the good fight!  
Earned were the Stripes we wear  
Won were the Stars we bear  
Now in our Flag they flash free as the light!

*Chorus.*—

Then let our praises rise!  
Proudly our Standard flies!  
In our dear native Land all men are Free!

O Lord! Thy ways are just  
In Thee we place our trust  
Bless thou the people Thy love has made free,  
Guide Thou their steps aright  
Give Thou their rulers light  
Govern their counsels and lead them to Thee.

*Chorus.*—

Then let our praises rise  
Up to the vaulted skies  
In our dear native Land all men are Free!

While other nations bow  
Trembling at tyrant's brow,  
Here men are freeborn and bow but to Thee;  
Man in Thine image made,  
Speaks and is not afraid,  
Men equal, unto man bends not the knee.

*Chorus.*—

Then let our praises rise  
Up to the vaulted skies  
In our dear native Land all men are Free.

Mountain, Lake, Forest, Plain,  
Stretching from main to main,

Rich in the wealth of the soil and the mine,  
Great is the Land we claim  
Proudly we breathe its name,  
Not unto us the praise, Lord all is thine.

*Chorus.*—

Then let our praises rise,  
Up to the vaulted skies,  
Not unto us the praise, Lord all is thine.

Then let the Stars and Stripes  
Of Freedom's truest types  
Wave o'er America from sea to sea,  
Long may that banner fly  
Pledge of our liberty  
Shelter for all who from tyranny flee!

*Chorus.*—

Then let our praises rise  
Proudly our Standard flies,  
In our dear native land all men are free!

## AN EARLY SUMMER RECOLLECTION.

The "Prophete" was given here several times in the early part of the Summer. After its last representation, two eminent literary Bohemians and two charming Bohemian girls, descendants of Melpomene, with your respectful servant, stepped it over from the "Papage de l'Opera," to the "Café Anglais," and had one of those exquisite Parisian suppers in which food and drink, excellent as they are, receive but little attention, but which always leave the stamp of a memorable period in the annals of a man's life, when they have been scrupulously devoted to art and its manifold and divine aspirations. A charm, almost impossible to describe, enveloped our "petite comitè" for an hour or two, like one of those gorgeous gobelin draperies with golden fringes, that deafen every sound like a brick wall and lend to the conversation held within a spell almost divine. Trifling details of these two memorable hours, I have none to tell, because they do not exist, whatever may be the opinion of the profane world on the subject. I am writing this for the benefit of the boys accustomed to groom the tail of Pegasus, wash the dear old canterer's snorting nostrils, and pat with decorous propriety his wonderful cheek-bone, and for the gracious maids who have met Apollo on swimming up the stream of life and have found him to be a good acquaintance. "Hors de la point de salut."

We agreed almost upon every point, a rather uncommon occurrence considering the elements of which our little party was composed. The work ("the Prophete") had been redone with the greatest care; we all know of what importance is the choregraphic display in the third act; here Meyerbeer had created airs for the ballet which were divine masterpieces every one of them, out and out immortal things; the redowa with Mirante and Mlle. Floere, the galop, the quadrille of the skaters, brought out just as the Maestro saw and heard them in the ideal climes which lay beyond the verge of human imagination, were glorious; somebody had a slip, but it was so graceful and its recovery was hailed with such a thunder of applause, that we honestly questioned the fact whether Picceno, despite his all powerful mastership, had not sadly omitted the charming incident. Somebody said that accidents of the kind are a triumph in the corps de ballet, when they assume the proportions of a miracle, because the profession is exceedingly slippery.

Then we talked about Meyerbeer. What a

herculean laborer! over restless and opening new routes for his genius, and hence that evolution slowly and conscientiously studied in the different phases of which each of the Master's great partitions are summed up. When after receiving Vogler's lessons, in the company of Weber, and after inhaling in their purity all the serious traditions of the German art, he started for Italy, he at once set to work to familiarize himself with the beauties of the school of Cimaroux; his repeated attempts at representing his partitions were however attended here with ill success, and with the exception of "Marguerite d'Anjou," and the "Crociato," nothing of his Italian partitions is to be found on the "repertoire." But on his arrival in Paris his first laurels are being wreathed into shape by the mystic fingers of the powerful genii that presided over his destiny. After "Robert," that interesting dramatic poem, so charming in the role of Alice, so full of ingenious coloring in that of Bertram, his future progress became one of uninterrupted success and triumph. From that time also is to be dated the period of transition which manifested itself in the obstinately searching genius of the Master; he discovered the merit of the French school in relation to the scenic sentiment; he felt that upon the vast stage of the opera it was necessary to organize action and to put life into the personages of the piece; he felt that he was no more in Italy where, after the aria of the prima donna, people are no more concerned about anything but eating ice-cream or drinking sherbet.

The work of Scribe, a librettist worthy of such a composer, was decidedly of a class which lent additional stimulus to the talent of his collaborator. Here, then the master gathered within his powerful individuality, three schools entirely distinct; the German school, so remarkable for its ingenious accompaniment, and the richness of its harmonies; the Italian school, distinguished by the cut of its pieces, and its melodious turn; and the French school, the dramatic expression of which fills entirely this beautiful work. After that, the artist is seen searching, ferreting through the corners and burrows of his vast erudition, and abandoning the Italian school, while returning to the early impressions of his youth. In the "Huguenot," one of the greatest musical creations in existence, this tendency is strongly manifested; so it is in the "Prophete," where the accompaniments are more elaborately worked than heretofore, but to which a lesser rank must be assigned. In the "Etoile du Nord," and "Dinorah," the melody surrenders and is completely vanquished.

"L'Africaine," said Mr. Th. de Lajarte, represents the three distinct manners of Meyerbeer; simply because it remained upon his piano during the greater part of his existence, and because the various types of the composer defied before it. Well, the "Prophete" is on the repertoire again, and a great success is to be recorded through the impersonations of Mr. and Mrs. Graymard, Mlle. Battu, Mlle. Manduit, Messrs. Castelmary, Belval, Gruy, and Bonnesseur.

I have given this reminiscence of the immortal maestro, almost textually as it was told among ourselves at the supper table, merely dropping an occasional interruption, and one or two biographical items known to everybody. The great man's genius, or his spirit, perhaps, must have been among us, for we all felt like being pervaded with delightful blasts of gorgeous harmony. At any rate the social harmony which presided over

our little private and artistic entertainment, was of such a charming character that for years to come I shall not forget it. Wish to heaven a few of the rare appreciative friends on your side of the Atlantic had been with us in order to return home and tell how a few hours of true and enchanting worldly happiness can be secured by the association of art and refinement, two elements of civilization which are not yet finding enough emulating candidates and patrons in America.

Vale cero mio,  
HARMONICUS OLUFFSKI.

#### ART GOSSIP.

A few more weeks of sketching in the country, and then the camp stool and the sketching umbrella, the paint box and album, will be laid aside, and the studios that have been deserted so long, will be eagerly sought for by their owners, who will return rather heavily laden, we hope, with the many sketches and studies which they have made during their sojourn in the country. The studio will be cleared of its dust, and the easel which has been so instrumental in the production of many fine works, will again become a medium for the artist to bring forth his works. The artist's bundle will be unpacked, sketches stretched, pencil drawings mounted, and all made ready for him to commence his labor for the winter. In the meantime, that is between now and the middle of October, the artist will have the best sketching time. At this season of the year the landscape effects are much finer than the preceding time. Skies, now a mass of floating clouds passing along, casting shadows over the landscape and making strong contrasts of light and shade, will anon become cloudless and appear one mass of silver-toned sunshine; whilst the far distance is lost in the tints of the sky, and that part which is near the eye partakes of the most beautiful bluish purple grays, that so enchant the feelings of the true artist, and for which he labors in vain to produce, unless endowed by nature with a very great feeling for color. The foliage has lost that vivid green color which is so cold and unpleasant to the eye, and is now toned to a beautiful gray. And when the season is more advanced, and autumn has set in, will be changed to bright, gorgeous tints, which exhaust the resources of the palette. Now is the time for the landscape painter to study Nature in her most beautiful mood. A mood that has such a charm for the artist that he forgets for the time the busy, plodding, outside world, and becomes lost in the study of the beautiful. Now is, indeed, the time when the grandeur of the landscape is fully felt. Such glorious color, with all its chromatic harmony, and such beautiful atmospheric effects, with "Old Sol" diffusing his warm rays over all, and bathing the landscape in one mass of light and golden sunshine, have a delightful influence over the beholder. Now is the time to see Nature in her grandest mood, when rock, and fern, tree and waterfall, mountain and lake, proclaim her grandeur, and the glory and omnipotence of the Creator.

We shall look forward to the return of our landscape painters with much pleasure, for we anticipate that the result of their labors will show a marked improvement on what they have done heretofore. And it shall be the pride and aim of the ART JOURNAL to chronicle their suc-

cess, as well as to note the progress of art all over the world.

"Consolation in Music" and "Evening Prayer" are the titles of two pictures by Van Amberg, now at Schaus' Gallery. The former represents an old musician, seated at an organ, playing some religious strain; for near him, with head resting on the back of his chair is seated a female figure, with hands joined and resting on her lap, whilst she is evidently experiencing that sweet repose which true music brings to the weary soul. As we gaze on this picture we can almost imagine ourselves in some church listening to the soul-inspiring strains of the organ as it peals forth and proclaims that there is hope for all, no matter how sinful has been their life. We feel there is consolation in music as we look at this, and what can we say more in its praise than it carries out its title, and convey all the feeling which one would experience from the hearing. The gleam of parting sunlight on the wall, and the dim flicker of the burning lamp, together with the subdued light on everything, help to carry out the sentiment of the picture.

"Evening Prayer" has a like sentiment which is religious. A mother and her daughter are engaged in prayer; the mother is seated on a chair, with her eyes cast down, and hands clasped together, and resting on her lap, whilst the daughter is standing with her hands joined, and gazing out on the fading glories of the departed sun, making the responses to her mother's prayer.

In the same gallery are two cabinet pictures by Meyer Von Bremen. The subject of one is a little girl with a remarkably sweet face, sketching on her slate; the beautiful expression of the girl's face, we do not remember having seen equalled. And then the color and drawing of the picture are good, so that it is quite an enjoyable work to look at. "I won't," by the same artist, is not so pleasing, though it contains some good painting; had less attention been paid to the accessories in the picture it would be better. "A Cavalier and his Lady" is a very nice cabinet picture, by Plassan, which is fine in color, but rather faulty in drawing, as the figures are too tall. "A Roman Landscape," by Oswald Achenbach, is effectively treated, and shows a masterly hand all through. There are two upright landscapes by Spitzbeg—commonly good in color, pleasing in subject, and withal very well handled. A quiet, low-toned landscape, with beautiful gray tones, is one of the best pictures in the collection; it is painted by C. Blin. "A Dog's Head," by Bosch, is very well modelled. C. M. Webb exhibits some good interiors. And others whose names have slipped our memory are well represented at Schaus' Gallery. We must add to the foregoing the names of De Haas and Van Marcke, both ably represented by well painted cattle pieces.

Lessing, the founder of the Dusseldorf school, has an admirably composed landscape on exhibition at Goupil's Gallery. It is masterly in effect of light and shade well drawn, and good in color. It is a picture that we admire, not for its dexterous handling as shown by the brush, but by the artistic knowledge displayed in obtaining such a result.

The Douglas monument, the corner-stone of which will be laid on the 6th of September with such imposing ceremonies, a description of it as it is to be, will not be out of place here. It will

consist of a circular platform, base fifty-two feet in diameter and two and one half feet high. Upon this will be placed a similar platform which will be surmounted by a sepulchre twenty feet square and eleven feet high. Surrounding the sepulchre will be a pedestal twenty-one feet in height, having a base fifteen feet square. On this will be erected a column forty-three feet in length, six feet square at the base, and three and a half feet square at the top. The column will be terminated by a cap six feet high, which forms the base for the colossal statue of Douglas. Four symbolical figures, life size, will be placed around the sepulchre; one of which will represent Illinois with a medallion likeness of Douglas in her hand. America, History, and Fame will constitute the others. On the base of the pedestal above the sepulchre, will be four bas-reliefs which will represent the history and progress of the West. The statue of Douglas is to represent him as standing by the Union and the Constitution. Volk's marble bust of Douglas will be placed in front of the grave.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Guizot's new work, entitled, "Meditations on the Present State of the Christian Religion," is on the eve of publication in Paris. The following compendious statement of his conclusions has been published:

In the midst of the obstacles, oscillations, deviations and faults which may be observed, there is an evident Christian awakening in Catholic France. Under the action of the causes which I have pointed out, there has been evidently progress in Christian faith, progress in Christian science, progress in Christian works, progress in Christian strength; progress incomplete and insufficient it may be, but still real and fruitful—the symptoms of a powerful vitality and of a hopeful future. Let not the enemies of Christianity deceive themselves; they are waging a war to the death, but it is not a dying foe they have to deal with.

With regard to Protestant France, M. Guizot comes to a like conclusion. At the same time he admits that rationalism, positivism, pantheism, materialism, and skepticism are spreading like imperceptible and impalpable miasmata, and affecting classes of the population to whom the very meaning of the word is unknown.

"Impiety," he says, "carelessness and religious perplexity are evident and wide-spread among us. With regard to impiety, this is especially true of the working classes and the young generation of the middle classes who are intended for the liberal professions. But religious indifference is even more widespread than impiety. It is like a Dead Sea, where no being lives—a sterile desert where no plant grows. If not the most shocking, it is the most serious moral evil of our times. It is against this evil that Christians must especially direct their efforts. Here there is an entire world and whole populations to be conquered."

La Grua is engaged at Les Italiens for the coming season, vice Penco resigned and reported as engaged for Maretzek's opera seria. Franchini the great dramatic tenor will appear there a few times next spring, but reserves for Madrid's opera, now under Bagier's control, a long engagement, having reconsidered his purpose to retire from the lyric stage.